

# THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

VOLUME XI. No. 34

THE BEACON PRESS, BOSTON, MASS.

MAY 22, 1921

## The Hooded Boat on Windymere.

BY MABEL S. MERRILL.

### CHAPTER FIVE.

THERE was no time to find out what it was that Nick wanted Val to help him do next day. The hooded boat had brought them all back to Sailor Joe's landing, and just as the Kentons were getting ready to bid Nick a regretful good-bye he fastened the boat to a bush at the water's edge and came springing up the bank.

"Come on," he cried, "next thing on the program is a ride." He pointed to a big automobile waiting at the road out by the edge of the field.

They followed him almost on a run to the car and tumbled aboard without asking where they were going. The chauffeur at the wheel probably knew and that was enough. They were in the gayest of spirits as they rolled away down the road toward Kingsdale.

"How nice not to know just where we are going," Bab said to Phillis, "and what will Aunt Marion say if she sees us go by?"

It turned out that they did not pass through Aunt Marion's part of the city. They whizzed through the business section and rolled out upon a quiet country road at the other side. In front of a big old-fashioned farmhouse they stopped and a girl about the age of Phillis came running out to greet them.

"I'm so glad you brought them this morning, Nick," she said. "Now let me see if I can tell you all your names." And she did tell them, beginning with Val and ending with Bab, though how she knew they could not imagine, unless Nick had found them out while he was up a tree and sent word to her.

"I'm Mavis Linney," said the girl, "and when I heard about you I knew Bab would want to see where her little bob-white came from."

She led them down across the orchard to a sunny open field where there were dozens of little houses like chicken-houses. In the yard adjoining each house a brisk bantam hen was whisking about and at her heels tumbled whole broods of fluffy gray birds like the one Bab had at home.

"Daddy gets the eggs and puts them under the bantams and the little hens hatch them out and take the best care of them. So we are raising bobwhites,—quail, the books call them," explained Mavis. "You see, Daddy has bought this place for a bird-farm. When we come back from South America we are going to live here all the time and there'll be lots to see. I'm glad you are neighbors. It isn't far with the auto, is it?"

Before they had finished the tour of the place they decided that there was "lots to see" here already. There was a duck-pond in the pasture where a brook flowed

back into a hollow. There was a bit of woodland where everything was to be done to attract the birds. Clink's eyes snapped with excitement when he found that dozens of bird-houses would be needed to put up in the trees. He had learned to make them at the manual-training school and he liked to build things so well that he usually begged for a big box of nails on his birthday instead of books or games.

"There will be a real bird-man in charge here while we are away, so you can come and see him," Mavis told them, and Phillis who was already fast friends with this new girl said mournfully:

"Oh, dear, it would be too lonesome with you in South America!"

Next morning Clink could hardly make up his mind to join the others in any ex-

work building a fireplace of rough stones while the girls unpacked the provisions they had brought.

The two older boys went ashore in the hooded boat, tied it up in a safe place at the lower end of the pond, and struck off across country toward the faint blue line which Nick said was the sea. As they went he told Val what it was he was so anxious to do.

"Back in June I saw a white heron over in a marsh not far from King's Beach. They are so rare in this part of the country that Dr. Linney thought I must have been mistaken. He was interested enough to hunt for it; he'd have given a whole lot to find it, but we couldn't, and finally he tried to laugh me out of it. Well, I'm dead sure I was right! I saw that bird too near and plain to be fooled. I've never given him up."

"Do you suppose he has stayed around that marsh all this time?" asked Val. "It's quite a while since June."

"If it nested there, it would be pretty likely to stick around," answered Nick. "If I could find where the nest was, we could get some moving pictures of it right where it lives. That would make the Doctor so happy he couldn't sleep, and he'd be ready to take me to South America or anywhere else. Last night I thought of a big tree that would be just the place for the nest. It lifted me right up straight in bed when I remembered that tree. I've promised the Doctor never to try any big climbing stunt when I'm alone. That's where you come in. If I fell, you could pick up the pieces. Only of course I wouldn't be such a gump."

It was a hot tramp to the marsh where Nick thought he had seen the white heron. Beyond the marsh was the sea-beach with blue waves creaming up the clean sands. On the landward side was a high ridge of land with a few big trees at its highest part.

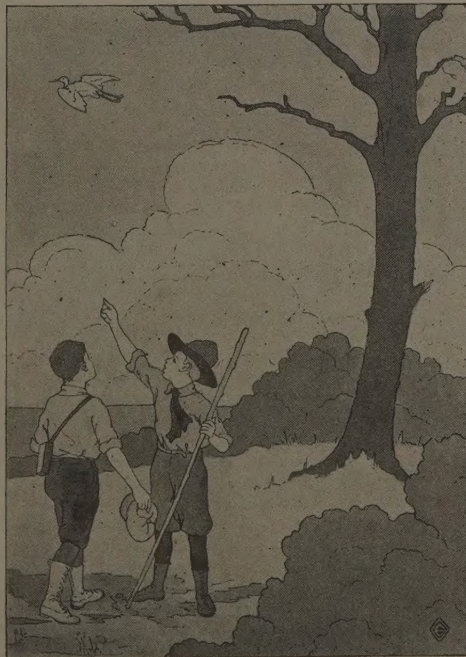
Nick pointed out the tallest of these trees, a giant pine. "That's the one," he said. "I'll tackle it as soon as we've rested and had a bite to eat."

There was a spring of cold water on the rocky slope below the big tree. The boys ate their sandwiches and raisins and stretched their tired legs in the shade of the bushes. Then Nick got out his lineman's climbers and was just turning to go up the ridge when Val caught his arm.

"Look, Nick, that isn't a gull, is it?"

Nick looked and caught his breath sharply. In the blue air overhead a white bird was floating, his wide wings moving lazily in the sunshine. Nick held Val's arm, either to keep himself still or to keep Val still.

"We've got to see where it goes," whispered the bird-hunter. "I'd give five dollars if the Doctor could see it right now. It's the white heron."



"Look, Nick, that isn't a gull, is it?"

pedition, he was so anxious to work on his first bird-house. But Nick was at the landing-place early with the hooded boat and he said they could all go part way, though only Val was equal to the long trip he had in mind. The hooded boat ferried them all over to a little round island which Bab instantly named the "Pin-cushion." It was close to the island where the old house stood and Nick explained that the Doctor would be there all day, working in "South America."

"So you kids can call to him if you get scared or anything," observed Nick. "We thought you'd like to stay here and have a camp supper ready for us when we come back. Not afraid, are you?"

"What of?—the sheep?" demanded Clink, scornfully, and then he fell to



The wide-winged bird sailed up over the ridge, swung back, and settled down in the top of the giant pine. They watched him as he stood there, tall and white against the blue sky. Presently he rose again and sailed away till he vanished, a speck in the distance.

"Come on! Of course his nest is up there, just as I told you," cried Nick.

Val stood below and watched his friend as he went up and up, his small camera swinging at his back, his climbers gripping the giant trunk. At last he was lost to sight among the thick boughs, and Val waited anxiously until he reappeared, slowly coming down. The hunter's face was dark as he stepped to the ground and Val hated to ask the question: "Wasn't the nest there?"

"Not a sign of it, and the bird's gone and maybe we shall never get eyes on it again. I've been here half a dozen times without seeing a glimpse of it. If its nest isn't here, that explains why."

There was nothing for it but to tramp all those hot miles back to Windymere. The day was far spent when they reached the "Pin-cushion," and the three younger ones were nowhere to be found.

"Hope they're not in any scrape," muttered Val. "I can hear Clink whooping down there in the bushes. I shall have to go see what's wrong."

Nick followed his friend to the low end of the little island where big trees stood deep in an oozing bog. In this bog one of Sailor Joe's old sheep was struggling just beyond the reach of the three children on the bank.

"Do hurry," cried Phillis. "See, the poor thing has sunk down clear to her chin and the water is cold as ice because of the springs here."

Nick and Val, hungry and tired though they were, fell to work at once, and the poor sheep was rescued by means of a bridge of logs and brush built out into the bog.

"She'll be all right in a few minutes," declared Val, as he emptied the water out of his "sneaks." "What's up, Nick?"

Nick did not answer. As if a spring had lifted him, he rose from the grass where he had thrown himself. But he moved as silently as an Indian, and he made a fierce gesture that reminded them of the time when he warned them away from the pine where he was watching for the eagle.

(To be continued.)

### The Little Cradle.

BY ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH.

THERE'S a cradle swaying  
In a place I know—  
Swaying, ah, so gently,  
Gently to and fro.

In the cradle safely  
Sleep two babies small,  
Safe through sunny hours  
And when shadows fall.

Warm and snug and cozy  
Is the cradle wee—  
None could wish in better  
Slumber-bed to be.

Mother-bird is cuddling  
Babes beneath her wings  
While the father softly  
Songs of bedtime sings!

### The Bumble-bee's Umbrella.

BY AMELIA MURDOCK WING.

"HOW it rains! O dear, dear!" said a big bumble-bee.

"And alas, I have not an umbrella with me!

My dear wife, she would fret if my coat should get wet,

And this nice yellow fuzz that you see."

Then he buzzed and he buzzed till he suddenly spied

Many little umbrellas right there by his side.

"I will crawl into one; sure it will be great fun;

In its depths from the rain I will hide."

And he found sweetest pollen right there for his flock,

When he entered without even stopping to knock.

Well, now, what do you s'pose was the place that he chose?

'Twas a blossom of red hollyhock!

### The Color of Emerald.

BY KILBOURNE COWLES.

"WHY aren't you going to the Dorcas Society any more, Laura? I was astonished when I heard you telephone Polly Appleton that you intend to resign."

"I'm tired of the Dorcas Society. Yes, Mary dear, I see you're on the point of giving me some elder-sisterly advice, but it's no good. I'm tired of everything in this stupid, narrow little town, where everybody gossips, and where no one cares tuppence about what happens in the outside world. I've tried, Mary, I have honestly, to be happy and interested in things here ever since I came home from overseas, but I'm through now. I'm going to lead my own life just with you and Granny as long as I have to stay here. When darling Granny no longer needs us, we can go to the city where existence will be worth while."

"But, Laura!"—

"No use arguing with me, Mary. I've finished bothering about Brookstone people or affairs. Polly told me the other day that some of the Dorcas girls felt that I had become managerial since my return from France. I have tried to put a little ginger into the society, and inspire it to do something for the suffering people abroad as well as making aprons and aprons, and petticoats and petticoats for the Brookstone Old Ladies' Home, which must be a regular museum of Dorcas Society needlework. Well, I won't try to manage any more. The society can continue in the same rut as long as it lasts, for all I care."

"I don't see why you mind what some of the girls may have said, Laura. We both know that you can help to make the society more worth while, and I believe that you ought to do it, even if you are a trifle misjudged by people who are, maybe, just a tiny bit envious of all the wonderful experiences you had in the A. E. F. It seems to me you are turning your back on a duty to your old girlhood comrades. They worked faithfully during the war, but I fear we have all slumped since those stirring days. Sometimes I used to be actually jealous of you myself, Laura, when I sat knitting by Granny's wheel-chair, and I thought of all the splendid work you were doing 'Over There.' Then I

would say to myself: 'She's my sister, she's part of me, she's doing it for us who can't go,'—and then I'd be as proud as Punch. I think the Dorcas girls felt the same way. Remember, you're part of the Dorcas Society, and they need you perhaps now nearly as much as the boys needed you then. Carry on, dear."

"I can't feel that way, Mary. They're trivial and self-engrossed, and now that I know that I'm a subject of their criticism, I'm satisfied to let them run their own society without any help from me. I'm going to have a delightfully indolent time reading all the books I've been waiting to get at for years."

Mary smiled ruefully as her beloved sister marched away to their father's book-room, where row on row of his favorite volumes stood, a silent but eloquent memorial to his gentle wisdom. She knew that it was not the real Laura. She wondered how soon the real Laura who had worked so courageously with the army in France, and with the refugees after the army had left, would return in her own unselfish spirit.

It was midnight before the sisters were again alone together. Then Laura stole into Mary's room, and asked softly if she were awake.

"Yes, dear. Switch on the light. I've just been up with Granny."

"I wish she would let me wait on her more."

"Well, you see she got so used to me being with her all the time while you were away that, though she loves us equally, she fancies that I know just what to do for her."

"And you do, Mary. You're an angel of patience. If there was a war heroine in this family, you were she. Don't contradict, for you were. It has just suddenly come to me to-night, as I sat in father's big chair, how wonderful you were to stay right here, taking care of Granny, and doing nothing more thrilling for the war than knitting, and never allowing a sigh or a disappointed look to mar the perfection of your home service. O Mary, I know I've been growing horribly selfish since I came back. I just suddenly discovered to-night that I've been losing my color. No, I'm not referring to my complexion. I mean the emerald color that I want to have."

"I don't quite understand. I!"—

"See what I found to-night, Mary. I was skipping about in the pages of father's beloved old 'Marcus Aurelius,' and I came to a passage he had marked with that indelible pencil he used to hold when he read. He had written 'Remember!' and I know he meant it for himself; but it is nevertheless a message from him to me, just when I guess I needed it the most. This is the paragraph: 'Whatever any one does or says, I must be good, just as if the gold, or the emerald, or the purple were always saying this: "Whatever any one does or says, I must be emerald and keep my color." Mary, I'm going to try hard to keep my color, and I'll go to the Dorcas Society and everything, and do what I can to help. I'm afraid I have been a little too masterful in my suggestions. I'll be more humble and grateful, and try, oh so hard, to be emerald."

"And you will, dear, you jewel of a girl!"

One of the soldiers of the Rainbow Division, says *Pearson's Magazine*, had been boasting to a British Tommy about its glories.

"Lumme!" said the Tommy. "I know why yer calls it that. Rainbows is things that comes out after the storm's over, ain't they?" *Youth's Companion.*





## Scraps.

A COLONEL PEPPERPOD STORY.

BY GRACE DOWNEY TINKHAM.



JIMMY was homesick, really and truly homesick. Jimmy did not want to be. He fought against it desperately, for it seemed traitorous to good Aunt Plumey and Colonel Pepperpod, who had taken him in, fed, clothed, and loved him ever since that night the colonel pulled him from the syringa bush in his garden, where Jimmy had taken refuge when his worthless grandfather had gone away, leaving him without any one in the world.

But Jimmy was homesick; not for the poor little shack in Peaceful Valley where he had once lived; not for the tumbledown neighborhood of weatherbeaten, battered houses; not for the grandfather who had never been kind; but Jimmy was homesick, hopelessly homesick, for a glimpse of the schoolhouse and the children there, especially for wee Bobs and Cinderella.

At last came a day when Jimmy finished his classes early at the fine school on Twilliger Hill, where the colonel sent him and Little Trix. If he hurried he could reach the Peaceful Valley school before it let out. So, swift as a deer, Jimmy left the paved streets of Twilliger Hill and reached the rough boardwalks of Peaceful Valley just as the gong sounded; then came the tramp, tramp, of many feet, and out poured children in every direction.

The first one Jimmy's eye chanced upon was Scraps, the school bully, who had first nicknamed him "Poverty" because he had been so poor, and who had gained for himself the ugly name of "Scraps" by his habit of picking quarrels with every one.

Jimmy watched Scraps tumble forth, his lank figure slouching, his mop of dull brown hair uncombed and hanging over his greenish-colored eyes. Jimmy thought Scraps' hands and face looked as if they had not been washed in weeks. Then Jimmy spied little six-year-old Bobs, with the black curly hair, huge brown eyes, and wide grin. All at once Jimmy's red hair bristled and his blue eyes snapped—he had seen Scraps snatch a little toy ship Bobs had in his hand, and run. Like a flash Jimmy tore after him!

"Give that back!" he yelled fiercely in Scraps' ear. At the familiar voice Scraps turned sharply.

"Well, if it isn't Poverty!" exclaimed he, in a sneering tone.

"Are you going to give Bobs his ship?" Jimmy demanded.

Scraps' eyes smouldered.

"Not for any one—like you!" he threw out.

Jimmy hardly knew how it happened, it came so swiftly. But all at once he found he had Scraps down and was gripping him with all his strength. He snatched the toy ship and tossed it back to Bobs, then gave all his attention to the boy he was holding down. Scraps squirmed, struggled, freed one fist which he was about to crash into Jimmy's face, when suddenly they each felt a firm hand on their collars, and were jerked to their feet with such rapidity that for an instant they stood dizzy and dazed.

"What do you mean by fighting!" shot out a stern voice; and Jimmy recognized it. Cinderella! Large, thirteen-year-old Cin-

derella, with the stubby brown pigtail, and the keen gray eyes! Cinderella, who had befriended him so often; who, in fact, befriended every friendless person or thing that came her way! Cinderella, who settled every school fight!

"Cinderella!" cried Jimmy, joyously.

"Why, Jimmy!" And just for a second he felt Cinderella's powerful arms about him. Scraps stood staring resentfully from beneath the shaggy mop of hair.

"Jimmy, where in the world have you been?" asked Cinderella. "It seems ages since I last saw you."

"I now live with Colonel Pepperpod and Aunt Plumey up on Twilliger Hill," came Jimmy's proud reply.

A sudden glow of interest sprang into Scraps' gloomy face. He eyed Jimmy's neat suit approvingly. Tiny Bobs, with his recovered toy held close, crowded closer to Jimmy, and Jimmy threw one arm about the little fellow's shoulders.

"Are you happy, Jimmy?" asked Cinderella.

"Am I!" And Jimmy's little freckled face fairly shone.

Scraps stepped a trifle nearer, his grimy hands hooked in the straps of his ragged blue overalls.

"I—I'd kinda like to know Colonel Pepperpod," announced he, in a hesitating voice.

The yearning in Scraps' tone reached Jimmy, and Jimmy understood.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," forgivingly proposed he. "You and Cinderella and Bobs come home with me for dinner. Colonel Pepperpod and Aunt Plumey would love to have you."

"I'll go! I'll go!" promptly declared tiny Bobs.

Scraps dug one toe of his worn old shoes into the soft earth, a faint color creeping into his pale, smeared face.

"Oh, I would love to!" cried Cinderella. "Daddy works to-night, so I can as well as not."

"Will you come, Scraps?" again asked Jimmy.

"They wouldn't care about havin' me," mumbled Scraps; and he swung away a little, his shaggy head drooped.

"Oh, but they would!" urged Jimmy.

"Come on!"

"He will come," whispered Cinderella, turning with Jimmy and Bobs to leave the yard. Scraps stood gazing after them, his teeth biting down hard into his under lip. Jimmy whirled around and once more said cheerily, "Come along, Scraps!" And then Scraps gave his ragged overalls a hitch and slouched after them.

Chappy, the Airedale terrier, rushed to meet Jimmy as he entered the garden with his guests, leaping up and whining his pleasure. Tiny Bobs patted Chappy's brown head with a loving hand. Scraps slunk along behind. Jimmy led the way into the house, where he found Aunt Plumey, the colonel's dark-haired sister, in the living-room, before a crackling fire; and Little Trix and Colonel Pepperpod glancing over the evening papers. They looked up as Jimmy entered.

Jimmy introduced Cinderella, Bobs, and Scraps; whom the colonel, Aunt Plumey, and Trix greeted cordially.

Just then Georges, the little French cook with the gray goatee, who had cooked in the Pepperpod home for years, announced dinner; whereupon the plump ruddy-faced colonel promptly led the way to the dining-room.

"Three more places at table, please," called he in a jolly voice to Georges; and Scraps edged a little closer to him, his lonesome eyes studying the colonel's jovial face, with a longing look in them.

"Here you are, Scraps," said Colonel Pepperpod. "You sit beside me. You would like Cinderella on your left, Aunt Plumey? And Bobs shall have the place between Trix and Jimmy."

Soon they were seated and the dinner served. Cinderella's pretty eyes danced as she chatted cozily with Aunt Plumey.

"Aren't you the little girl who keeps bees?" inquired Aunt Plumey. Long ago Jimmy had told Aunt Plumey of Cinderella, of how she lived alone with her father, kept house for him—and not a neater, cleaner house could be found in the whole city!

"Yes, Aunt Plumey," replied the little girl. "I have one hive of bees. Daddy bought them for me two summers ago. He chose the Caucasian bees for they are considered much gentler than most kinds; besides, they are good honey-gatherers. At first I felt a little afraid of them, so I wore a black mosquito-netting veil over a straw hat; but now I can work with them safely if I am careful to be very gentle and not make quick useless movements which get the bees excited. They are funny little things; one should never try doing anything with them in rainy weather, for they are usually cross then."

"Do you sell any of the honey?" asked Aunt Plumey.

"Last year I sold enough to buy all of my school clothing for this winter," Cinderella told her.

Aunt Plumey thought that was splendid, and frankly praised the little girl for her industry and thrift.

Across the table, tiny Bobs, Jimmy, and Trix were discussing the small ship which Bobs had himself carved from a piece of wood, with its three masts, and sails complete.

"I am going to give this to you, Jimmy," declared Bobs. "And make another for you, Trix."

Jimmy did not want to deprive the little fellow of his toy; so very politely he declined the offer, which he thought generous and splendid of Bobs to make.

"This is what we'll do," said Trix, fearing that tiny Bobs might not understand Jimmy's refusal; "you build a ship for Jimmy and me, Bobs; and we'll make a coaster for you."

"A coaster!"

Bobs' heart pounded with delight. How he had longed for a coaster!

Scraps gazed about the table, at Little Trix, trim, neat and good-looking; at Jimmy's clean hands and face, his carefully brushed red hair; and suddenly he felt intensely ashamed of his own grimy, ragged appearance. Hot tears rushed to his eyes and for an instant blinded him. Scraps had no one to look after him. He lived with a poor family down in Peaceful Valley who had so many children of their own that they gave no attention whatever to twelve-year-old Scraps. Scraps didn't care—at least, that is what he told himself often, very very often. But now, somehow—





# THE BEACON CLUB

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.



ALCOMDALE, ALBERTA, CANADA.

Dear Miss Buck,—My mother got a sample of your paper and I liked it very much. I should like to be a member of your Club and wear a pretty button, like yours.

We live far out in the country, so I cannot go to church. My mother gives me my Sunday-school at home. I have some pretty picture lessons.

I am nine and a half years old. I have three dolls: Their names are: Violet, Bluebell, and Rosine.

There is a Unitarian church thirty-eight miles from here. We shall be able to go when we sell the farm.

Good-bye,

From your friend,

IRIS NOEL.

43 CONTINENTAL STREET,  
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck,—I want to let you know how much I enjoy *The Beacon*. I like all the stories in it, especially "Three Hiltop Adventures," which has been in *The Beacon* twice already. It seems as though Sunday would never come, because I want to know the rest of the story. I want to join the Beacon Club and wear its button. I am almost twelve years old.

Yours truly,

CLARA EDITH GINN.

Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of the Beacon Club. Address The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

662 WEBSTER STREET,  
NEEDHAM, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck,—I am thirteen years old and in the seventh grade at school. I have read *The Beacon* for a long while and enjoy it very much. Nearly every one in my Sunday-school class takes it.

Our Sunday-school teacher gave us a party in honor of St. Patrick's Birthday. First we told Irish jokes, then we played games and had refreshments. The decorations were all Irish green. After the party we went home feeling that we had had a fine time.

I should like to become a member of the Beacon Club and wear the pin. I should also like to correspond with other Beacon members.

Sincerely yours,

ALICE H KINGSBURY.

127 MAIN STREET,  
SANFORD, ME.

Dear Miss Buck,—I came from Scotland eight months ago. I have started to go to the Unitarian Sunday-school. I became very interested in the Club and I desire to become a member. This is the first real Club I have joined. I am ten years old. I enjoy reading the stories in *The Beacon*.

Respectfully yours,

MARY CULLEN.

"Scraps," Colonel Pepperpod's voice broke in upon his thought, "what is your ambition? And what do you want most in the world?"

The tousled head of Scraps dropped and turned slightly away.

"Aw, it don't matter about me," he said gruffly.

"When I was your age," Colonel Pepperpod went on evenly, "I wanted a home—more than anything, I longed for that! You see, Aunt Plumey and I had none."

Scraps looked up, a light of comradeship glowing in his eyes.

"That's what I'd like, sir," he said with breathless eagerness. "Most of all, I'd like that! And I'd like to be neat and clean, sir—and not scrap all the time! And there's something else. Once I had a dream," his voice rushed intently on. "It was great! I thought I owned a tool-chest and built ships, big ships that carried people and cargoes to foreign ports. Maybe I didn't like that dream! I was proud and glad, and—and as if I wasn't just Scraps any more at all!"

For an instant the colonel's bright brown eyes grew misty; then he said in a jolly tone:

"Let's try to make that dream of yours come true, Scraps. Come and live with us, and we'll set about making that dream of yours come true!"

## Church School News.

AT Louisville, Ky., the school in the First Unitarian Church meets in three divisions: Junior and Intermediate at 9.45, Senior Class at the same hour in a separate room, Kindergarten and Primary grades at eleven o'clock, during the church service. Two organized classes, the Merrymakers, girls from thirteen to fifteen, and the Bluebirds, a

younger grade, met at the home of the Superintendent, Miss Lilla Breed, during a recent visit of the Editor of *The Beacon* to Louisville. The Merrymakers held a business session which was well conducted. They are planning a sale in the near future to increase their funds. The class has already made contributions to the relief of the French orphans, the Chinese Famine Fund, and other helpful work. The Bluebirds are in correspondence with another organized class of the same name in Charleston, S.C.

In the Unitarian church in New Orleans the school is well organized and a graded course of study is used. On Easter Sunday, the Editor heard the pupils make good responses to questions asked by the minister about the Bible. A group of the members of the school presented a Bible pageant, "The Book of Ruth," at the meeting of the Southern Conference in New Orleans in March.

Our school in Atlanta, Ga., has a large group of Kindergarten and Primary pupils. That department will soon outgrow the room in which it meets. The older section of the school has a good showing of young men and a large class of young people led by the minister, Rev. G. I. Keirn.

There is a fine devotional spirit shown in the service of worship in our school in Charleston, S.C. During the past year the membership has increased greatly and the school is still growing. Its Superintendent, Mrs. Lucia Gibbon Smith, is Field Worker for the Department of Religious Education in the South and recently organized the school at Memphis, Tenn.

## RECREATION CORNER.

### ENIGMA LXXI.

I am composed of 12 letters.  
My 4, 9, 11, 7, is something to drive.  
My 5, 6, 7, 8, 11, 9, is a girl's name.  
My 1, 2, 4, is something to write with.  
My 6, 2, is an old way of saying you.  
My 10, 12, 6, is an old way of saying no.  
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, is a coin.  
My whole is a large State.

CLARA E. G.

### ENIGMA LXXII.

I am composed of 19 letters.  
My 4, 18, is not you.  
My 13, 11, 19, 4, is in the country.  
My 1, 16, 5, is a beverage.  
My 2, 8, 9, 6, is aid.  
My 12, 7, 3, 5, is a small insect.  
My 15, 14, 17, 10, is to wander.  
My whole is the song of what nation?

D. H.

### WORD SQUARE.

1. The opposite of slow.
2. A plant.
3. In a little while.
4. Something used in camping.

RUTH B. WELLMAN.

### ROYAL GEOGRAPHY.

1. What cape in Maine was named after a queen?
2. What historic town west of the Alleghenies was called after an ill-starred queen?
3. What Western city bears the name of an "uncrowned king"?
4. What celebrated island was named for the mother of an emperor?
5. What State capital was named in honor of a queen?
6. What division of Cape Colony was called after an English monarch?

The Wellspring.

### HIDDEN BIBLE CITIES AND TOWNS.

1. We did not give Elizabeth any candy.
2. A child can ask questions.
3. Only ninety returned from the fight.
4. The hero met death bravely.
5. May I hold the baby longer?
6. Philipp pined to conquer.
7. He bronzed the lamp.
8. A butterfly or a moth flew by.
9. As I donned my coat, he came.
10. We own nine vehicles.

E. A. CALL.

### ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 32.

ENIGMA LXVII.—Pilgrim Tercentenary.  
ENIGMA LXVIII.—The beautiful is as useful as the useful.

TWISTED COLORS.—1. Yellow. 2. Purple. 3. Garnet. 4. Indigo. 5. Cream. 6. Magenta. 7. Bronze. 8. (S)carlet. 9. Old Rose. 10. Orange.

RIDDLE.—S had dock: haddock.

CHARADE.—Night-mare.

## THE BEACON

FLORENCE BUCK, EDITOR.

Issued weekly from the first Sunday of October to the first Sunday of June, inclusive



PUBLISHED BY  
The BEACON PRESS, Inc.  
25 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

May also be secured from  
104 E. 20th St., New York  
105 S. Dearborn St., Chicago  
570 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco

Subscription Price: Single subscriptions, 60 cents. In packages to schools, 50 cents.

Entered at the Boston Post-office as second-class mail matter.

Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized on September 13, 1918.

PRESS OF GEO. H. ELLIS CO. (INC.) BOSTON.